

TITTLE TATTLE;
OR,
Taste A - la - Mode.

A NEW FARCE.

Perform'd with Universal Applause by a

SELECT COMPANY

OF

BELLES and BEAUX,

AT THE

Lady *Brilliant's* Withdrawing-Room,

Pour tuer le Temps.

By *TIMOTHY FRIBBLE*, Esq;

*Who'er He be, who to a TASTE aspires,
Let him read THIS, and be what he desires:
In MEN and MANNERS vers'd, from LIFE I write;
Not what was ONCE, but what is NOW polite.*

MAN of TASTE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

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(Price One Shilling.)

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TO THE
BELLES
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

LADIES,



S the following short DRAMATIC ESSAY was intended, not only for Your Amusement, but Instruction, it is incumbent on me, no doubt, to usher it into the World under Your Patronage and Protection. 'Tis to You it owes its Preservation at least, if not its Birth; since *most*, if not *all* of those *Points of Wit*, and *facetious Repartees*, which are so plentifully interspers'd throughout the whole Performance, would have been lost to the World, had not You supported them by Your auspicious Smiles.

I here present You, Ladies, with a *Body* of *Politeness*; but to You it belongs to inform it with a *Soul*. These *Flowers of Rhetorick*, tho' in themselves entirely modish and delightful, will admit of many additional Beauties, and appear in a much more advantageous Light, when they are set off by the careless Toss of the Head,—the seemingly negligent Adjustment of the Tucker,—the pretty Pant, and artful Display of the Bosom,

Bosom,—the sparkling Glance of the Eyes,—the scornful Pout of the Lips,—the familiar, loud Laugh,—and the agreeable Titter : What Advantages, I say, may not these *Flowers of Rhetorick* receive from your musical Elocution ?

Ah, Ladies ! Would You but exert your Power, Sense should have no longer any Sway amongst us ; but fluent Nonsense should glide from every Tongue.—And then, the irresistible Charms of a pretty Face !—Why, Ladies, a fine Complexion is doubtless to be preferr'd to a retentive Memory ; —a brilliant Pair of Eyes, and an agreeable Flow of Words, may very well pass for Wit and good Sense ; —a lilly white Hand is certainly a noble Exchange for Industry, and the Practice of Oeconomicks. Once more, as Modesty is of little or no manner of Use, I think You should e'en lay it aside, and present us, instead of it, with your naked, swelling Bosoms, more soft than Down, and whiter than the new-fallen Snow.—But, alas ! neither your brilliant Eyes, nor ruby Lips, nor taper Necks of milky Hue, can ought avail, unless the fair Possessors call in Action to their Aid.—

'Tis Action therefore, Ladies, that I would advise you to study ; and I shall be proud to see my pretty PUPILS (for such I must presume to call you) not only talk, but behave like Ladies of Taste. Permit me, for that Reason, to give you a Hint of
some

D E D I C A T I O N. ▼

some few Particulars, that may be worthy of your Observance, and prove of Service to You in Your future Course of Life.

In the first Place then, take notice, Ladies, that *Walking* is very unpolite; but *Sliding*, or *Tottering* is extremely delicate. —And then to sit upright is not half so graceful as to loll. —To *LITHE* is very agreeable, but to speak distinct, intolerable, monstrous. —Is not the bold, confident *Stare* more becoming, than the simple, down-cast Look? Isn't the arch Leer more engaging, than the modest, unmeaning Turn of the Eye? —In short, is Birth or Fortune itself of any Advantage to a Lady, if she cannot make those Airs attractive, which in meaner Beauties would appear preposterous? O, ye Polite! for to such only do I make my present Addresses, despise the awkward Dictates of Your Grand-Mammas, and listen to my Lessons of Instruction.

Would You be thought *Ladies* of *Taste*, give the Clergy no Quarter, and rally, without Fear of Censure, all Things sacred. —Never speak ill of your Friends before their Faces, nor well of them behind their Backs; for Calumny and Detraction are the very Life and Soul of polite Conversation.

Thus much for Your Morals. —Proceed we now to Your Dress. —

You must take peculiar Care, Ladies, to have none of Your Habiliments made by an *English* Hand. —How awkward, how
filthily

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filthily must that Gown fit, which is made by Mrs. *Shaperwell*,—when compar'd with One made under the Inspection and Management of Mademoiselle *La Robe*! All must admire the *Sacque*; but who can bear the *Manteau*?—When your Spirits are alert, and you're dispos'd for Dancing, be sure let Monsieur *Coupee* be applied to, and in Case You don't learn the dying *Trill* of Signor *Caproli*, You're undone for ever.

Should You have an unhappy Curiosity in your Temper to pry into Books, be very cautious in your Choice of them; read none but such as are approv'd of by the *Beaux*.

Avoid the *dull Sect* of *Morality*.—Touch not a *Spectator* on your Lives. Fly from *Addison*, I charge you, that implacable Enemy to all Politeness, as you would from the Small Pox, or a Gallant out at Elbows.—He's an artful, dangerous Writer, and when he laughs, 'tis with a Design to ensnare you. If you listen to his Precepts, he'll endeavour to make you jealous of your best Friends. Could you think it, Ladies? He has the Assurance to assert, that an old antiquated Book, call'd the *Bible*, is fitter for the Hands of a fine Lady, than a Looking-Glass; and that a dull Animal, whom he calls a *Man of Sense*, is a better Companion than a Monkey or a Parrot.—'Tis his Opinion, truly, that a Play is to be preferr'd to an *Opera*; and that Dr. *Tillotson* was a finer Gentleman than Signior *Nicolini*: That Rakes may destroy

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

stroy your Virtue, and Masquerades your Re-
tations; late Hours your Faces, and Cards
and Dice your Fortunes. There are like-
wise a few more audacious Assertions of the
same home-spun Stamp, known chiefly a-
mong your dull Fellows, that wear dirty
Linnen, and your awkward Creatures, that
value themselves, forsooth! for being parti-
cular. But, I hope, I need not caution my
Pupils against such fulsom Company. The
very Notion of your being acquainted with
them would be sufficient to frighten the
well-dress'd Beaux, and pretty Fellows from
your Assemblies: But instead of them, let
Behn, *Centlievre*, and *Heywood*, be your con-
stant Companions: And every Night, be-
fore soft Slumber seizes on your Eye-Lids,
commit to your Memories two or three Do-
zen of the following polite Phrases; and I
doubt not, but Time and Practice may
make the Ladies of *Great Britain* excel the
Belles of *France*; and from henceforth *Lon-*
don, not *Paris*, be esteem'd the Seat of Po-
liteness.

That this glorious Revolution may shortly
happen, is the most ardent Wish of

Ladies,

Your most obedient,
most devoted

Friend and Adorer,

TIMOTHY FRIBBLE.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

AUTHOR.

Mr. MODERN.

Lord COURTLY.

Col. WITLING.

Mr. MODISH.

W O M E N.

Lady BRILLIANT.

Lady TATTLE.

Miss NOTABLE.

Footmen, and other Attendants.

SCENE *St. James's Park, and Lady
Tattle's House.*



T H E
P R O L O G U E;
By way of
I N T R O D U C T I O N.

AUTHOR and MODERN.

Author.



E A R Mr. *Modern*, your most obedient;—to see you here is what I did not expect. I am the more oblig'd to you, however.

Mod. I am glad of any Opportunity of seeing you, Sir; tho' at present, I must confess, I cannot guess wherein the Obligation lies.

Aut. O Lord, Sir! why I am Master of the Ceremonies to Night; you are to be entertain'd with a little Piece of mine,—and such a Piece,

B

as

as you don't meet with every Day, I'll assure you: 'Tis my *Ne plus ultra*, faith.—You must know, Sir, that I was ten Years in collecting Materials for this Performance,—and almost as long digesting them in a proper Manner; and yet, Sir, to give the World a convincing Proof of my Modesty, I only call this a Farce, a Farce, Sir.—I don't love to be singular, and therefore my good Nature prevail'd with me to set myself in a Rank with the modern Scribblers;—but between you and I, there is Wit enough in this short Farce, to make twenty modern Comedies.

Mod. I perceive the Players are not quite ready; therefore you may let me a little into the Design of your Farce, while they are preparing.

Aut. With all my Heart.—You must know, Mr. *Modern*, that while other Gentlemen have been poring over musty Books, I have made it my Business to frequent Balls, Operas, Assemblies, Routs, Rackets, Drums and Drum-Majors, and all other Places, where the Polite of both Sexes are particularly to be met with.

Mod. Well, Sir, and what then?

Aut. Why then, Sir, it is with much Concern that I have frequently observ'd Gentlemen,—nay, and Ladies too, very much at a Loss for Discourse, as Questions, Answers, Replies, Repartees, &c. insomuch that I have sometimes seen Conversation at a Stand for a Minute or two together.

Mod. Why you know there are some who are not happy in a Method of Conversation; and even such as have Wit, must find it difficult to keep up the Spirit of a Company entirely by themselves.

Aut.

The PROLOGUE. 11

Aut. Very justly observ'd, Sir ;—to remedy which Inconvenience, I have compos'd a little Body of Politeness, which being justly studied, will enable any one to make a Figure in the best Company.

Mod. But, pray, Sir, what does all this relate to your Farce ?

Aut. Have patience, Sir, and you shall hear.—I just now told you I was entirely devoted to the Ladies, and to convince you how very solicitous I am for their Ease as well as Improvement, I have thrown this System of Politeness into a Farce, for some very substantial Reasons.—In the first Place, few Ladies care to spoil their pretty Eyes with reading ; therefore they have nothing else to do but to lay aside Cards three Evenings in the Week, slip into their Coaches, and drive to the Play-house ;—and I'll engage, that even a Country Lady, by that Time she has seen my Farce ten or twenty Times, shall have as many Airs, and talk as politely, as if she had been born and bred at Court.

Mod. It must be something very extraordinary indeed, if it comes up to the Character you give it.

Aut. Character,—ah ! Lord, Sir, 'tis impossible to give it a Character suitable to its Merit.—Will you believe me, Sir, it has cost me more Money in Chair-hire, and other petty Expences, to keep the best Company to collect it, than twenty Benefit-Nights would bring me in ; and, in short, if it does not run the whole Season, I shall lose Money by it.

Mod. I thought it had been your own ; but it seems you only then treat us with other People's Wit.

Aut. Other People's Wit;—let me tell you, Mr. *Modern*, 'tis not a little smart Speech, spirited here and there, that is Wit:—No, Sir, Wit consists in a proper Digestion of what you hear and see,—and that is Wit, that—that—
In short, Sir, tho' there is not a Speech in my Farce but what is us'd every Day by Half the Town, yet I can make it appear, there is not a single Stroke of Wit and Humour thro' the whole Piece but what is intirely my own.

Mod. But now I have heard your Preface, be pleas'd to indulge me with the Design, the Design, Sir.

Aut. Why the Design, as I said before, is to polish the Age, to make Gentlemen and Ladies talk in Character, and to render the whole World agreeable to one another.

Mod. A generous Undertaking, and worthy Encouragement! But is there no Plot, no Contrivance, no Love?—

Aut. O Abundance!—but all in the polite Way.—

Mod. Pray how's that?

Aut. Why as nothing is so fulsome as too much Fondness; so when my Lovers are in the Height of their Courtship, you are never a bit the wiser, till they slap upon you with a Wedding.

Mod. Nor then neither, I am afraid. [*Aside.*

Aut. Aye, Aye, 'tis all Nature, pure Nature; you may talk, indeed, of your *Shakespears*, and your *Fletchers*, your *Congreves*, and your *Rowes*, your *Otways* and your *Addisons*, but if there be Half that Wit and Spirit in any of their Compositions as will be found in mine, I'll be bound to be ———

Mod.

The PROLOGUE. 13

Mod. Hold, dear Sir, hold;—if you have any Desire to be successful, no Comparisons, no Reflections: The Ladies are reconcil'd to Sense; and *Shakespear* is now become their Favourite.—I am afraid therefore you've done——

Aut. Done what, Sir?—Is not my Piece wrote in the true Spirit of Comedy? Have not I copied Nature exactly?—Is there one Sentence but what is us'd by the politest Companies?—In short, are not all my Ladies and Gentlemen of the newest Fashion?

Mod. Have patience, Sir,—I was not going to say any Thing against your Performance; it may, for ought I know, be the most finish'd Piece that ever was wrote.—But give me Leave to tell you, there are some of the Fair Sex, and I hear their Numbers daily increase, who, in spite of all the Pains our modern Authors, Fiddlers, and Dancing Masters, take to reform the Age, are so very obstinate in their Way of Thinking, that they maliciously endeavour to set aside Pantomime, and restore an odd Kind of an out of the way Fellow, call'd Common-Sense.

Aut. Pho', pox, never mention them, there always was a Set of out of the way Creatures,—envious as the Devil;—but for all that—you shall see what an Appearance I shall have;—for you must know, I've always been reckon'd a Man of Parts; and, egad, this is the best Piece I ever wrote in my Life.—

Mod. But do you really think that this Piece of yours may not possibly be damn'd?——

Aut. Damn'd,—no Sir,—when did you ever know the Town damn themselves? And I am sure there is not a Lady or Gentleman within the Bills of Politeness, but would be proud to talk like

like my Hero and Heroine.—But that you may be a better Judge of the Performance, I'll tell you from what Company it was collected ;—
Twas about ten Years ago that I was introduced to my Lady *Tattle*, who has constantly all the Men of Wit and Ladies of Taste at her Assembly ;—at first I made but an odd Figure, being intirely unacquainted with the polite Phrases in use.

Mod. But by constant Attendance, you soon master'd that Difficulty, I presume.

Aut. Yes,—yes,—I had a tolerable good Memory ; and as soon as I left the Company, I immediately enter'd into my Table-Book the choicest Expressions that past during my Visit ; by degrees I got them by Heart, and so became a leading Man among the Ladies.

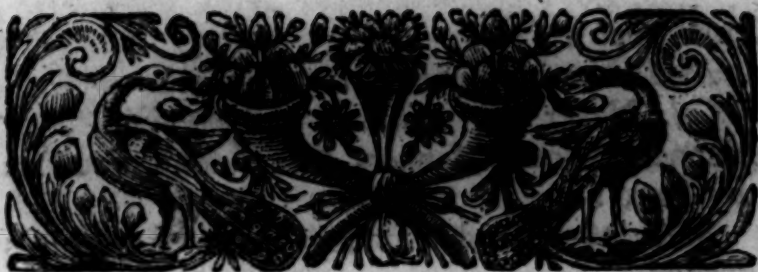
Mod. And these ingenious Sayings, I presume, you have introduc'd into your Farce.

Aut. Why, as I found so great a Benefit myself from what I collected, I look'd upon it as a Duty to let others share with me ;—and I now thrust a Brat into the World, that has a Right to call the whole Town its Father.

Mod. You have sufficiently satisfied my Curiosity, and I wish you good Success.

Aut. I see the Players are preparing to begin ; I'll not hinder you the Pleasure of a single Speech.—Your Servant Sir. [Exeunt.]

TITTLE



TITTLE TATTLE;
OR
Taste A - la - Mode.

ACT I.

SCENE St. James's Park.

Lord Courtly *meeting* Col. Witling.

Col.



ELL met, my Lord.

Ld. Court. Thank you, Colonel;
—now a poor Dog of a Parson
wou'd have said, bless you, I hope
we shall meet in Heaven.—When
did you see *Tom Modish*?

Col. He's just coming towards us.—Talk
of the Devil ———

Enter

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Enter Modish.

How goes it *Tom*?

Mod. Never the better for you.

Col. Never the worse, I hope; but your Manners, your Manners *Tom*, don't you see my Lord?

Mod. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Ld. Court. What *Tom*, you cou'd not see the Wood for Trees, I'll warrant.—But what Wind blew you hither?

Mod. 'Tis an ill Wind that blows no body good; for it gives me the Honour of seeing your Lordship.

Col. Tom,—you must stay with us, Lady *Tattle* will be here presently.

Mod. Must,—why, Colonel,—Must is for the King.

Col. [*offering to draw his Sword*] Have you spoke with all your Friends?

Mod. As you are stout be merciful, Colonel.

Ld. Court. Come, come, agree, agree,—the Law is costly.

Col. Well, *Tom*, you're never the worse Man for being afraid of me.

Mod. What the Devil, do ye think I was born in a Wood to be scar'd by an Owl?—But however, I'll stay it out, if it be but to see Miss *Notable*;—egad she is a smart Girl, and has Wit at her Fingers Ends.

Col. Aye, aye, *Tom*, we all know she's your Flame, and every one as they like, as the good Woman said, when she kiss'd her Cow.

Enter

Enter Lady Tattle and Miss Notable.

Mod. Your Servant, Ladies, your Servant; we were just talking of you.

Miss. I thought so;—for my Cheek and my Ear glow'd most terribly just now.

Lady Tat. My Lord, I'm your Lordship's very humble Servant.

Ld. Court. Madam,—I'm your Ladyship's down to the Ground.

Miss. What, Colonel *Willing*!—Is such a Man as you alive.

Col. Aye, Miss, and alive like to be.

Lady Tat. Well, Gentlemen, what News do you hear?

Mod. Why, Madam;—Queen *Elizabeth's* dead.

Ld. Court. You see, Madam, *Tom's* no Changling.

Miss. My Lord, what a charming fine Morning 'tis.

Ld. Court. Aye, Miss, 'tis pity fine Weather should do any harm.

Lady Tat. Colonel, they say you went to Court in your Elevations last Night;—nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the *Philistines*:—No wonder the Cat wink'd when both her Eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, your Ladyship lies most abominably.

Mod. Fye, Colonel, I thought you had been better bred, than to tell a Lady she lies.

Col. Under a Mistake, Sir, I meant.—Besides, we make free with one another:—My Lady here and I, you must know, are as great as the Devil and the Earl of Kent.

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Lady Tat. I will say that for the Colonel,—he has been better fed than taught.

Miss. Well, but Colonel, had you a Drop in your Eye, or no?

Ld. Court. Yes, yes, the Colonel was half Seas over when we left him.

Miss. Mr. *Modish*, what Lady was that you were talking with 'tother Night in the Boxes?

Mod. Miss,——can you keep a Secret?——

Miss. Yes,——I can.

Mod. Well, Miss,——and so can I.

Lady Tat. Why, Mr. *Modish*, they say Sir *John Brisk* has got a Place at Court.

Miss. Yes, yes, he thinks himself no small Fool now.

Mod. But I have heard some People take him for a wise Man.

Miss. Aye, Aye,—some are wise, and some otherwise.—Do you know him, my Lord?

Ld. Court. Know him!—aye, as well as the Beggar does his Dish.

Col. Why I can say that for him, he has had better Luck than honefter Folks: But, pray, how came he to get that Employment?

Mod. Why by Chance, as the Man kill'd the Devil.—But, Miss, [*turning to Miss*]—what's the Matter? Methinks you look like *Mum-Chance*, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know I scorn your Words.

Mod. But scornful Dogs, Miss, will eat dirty Puddings.

Miss. Well! my Comfort is, your Tongue's no Slander.—What, wou'd you have one always on the high Grin?

Mod.

Mod. Cry Mop-sticks, Madam, no Offence, I hope.

Ld. Court. Pray, Miss, be so good as to favour us with a Song.

Miss. What, in the Park, my Lord?

Ld. Court. There's no body near, and Trees have no Ears, tho' Walls have; therefore pray, Miss, begin.

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I cant, for I've a great Cold, —chem! —

Col. Oh Miss! they say all good Singers have Colds.

Miss. Well then, rather than be troublesome I will sing, but you'll repent asking me; — are you for Love, Humour, or Satyr?

All. Love, Love, by all means.

Miss. Ehem, ehem, choke up Chicken. —

A LOVE SONNET.

Compos'd, and set to Musick by Mr. Fribble, a near Relation of the Author.

I.

*Haste, haste ye Powers, to Strephon's Aid,
Quick to Clarinda's Bosom fly;
And tell the dear, relentless Maid,
What Mischiefs in her Beauties lie.*

II.

*Ye wanton Sylphs, that fan the Air,
On balmy Wings my Sighs convey;
Ye gentle Zephyrs, speak my Care,
And tell her what I dare not say.*

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III.

*Away, ye happy Loves, away,
That triumph in her charming Eyes ;
Or on her snowy Bosom play,
Arise, ye happy Loves, arise.*

IV.

*A while your blissful Actions leave,
And every blooming Joy suspend ;
A while with Strephon learn to grieve,
And only to my Sighs attend.*

V.

*Your friendly Voices all unite,
And for despairing Strephon plead ;
Oh ! win the Fair,—or kill me quite,
Teach me to dye, or to succeed.*

Mod. Well ! I vow, Miss, you sing like an Angel.

Miss. Aye, I sing,—as a body may say.—
But I hear Mr. *Modish* has a good Pipe.

Col. Yes, *Tom* wou'd have sung well,—only he once fell out of an Organ-Loft, and broke his Voice.

Mod. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish Box on the Ear.

Ld. Court. Miss, will you take a Pinch of Snuff ?

Miss. You must know, my Lord, I never take Snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Tat. Yes, yes, she can take Snuff ; but she has never a Box to put it in.

Miss.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, let me see that Box.

Ld. Court. Miss, there is never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, my Lord.

Col. Aye, but *May* Bee's don't fly now, Miss.

Mod. Colonel, why so hard upon poor Miss? Don't set your Wit against a Child.—Miss, give me a Blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So!—you've made a fine Speech truly.

Ld. Court. Pray, my Lady *Tattle*, what Kin are you to Lord *Pozz*?

Lady Tat. Why his Grandfather and mine had four Elbows.

Miss. Well! I vow I'm very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Mod. Come then, Miss, e'en make a Die of it, and then we shall have a Burying of our own.

Miss. The Devil take you, *Modish*, besides all small Curses.

Lady Tat. Marry, come up!—What, plain *Modish*! methinks you might have had an M under your Girdle, Miss.

Ld. Court. Well, well, Naught's never in Danger; I warrant you, Miss will spit in her Hand, and hold fast.

A Footman brings the Colonel a Letter.

Lady Tat. I suppose, Colonel, that's a Billet-doux from your Mistress.

Col. [looking on the Direction] Egad, I don't know whence it comes, but whoever wrote it, has a Hand like a Foot.

Mod. I wonder what makes these Bells ring so!

Miss. Why,—I suppose, Sir, they pull the Ropes.

Omn.

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Omn. Ha, ha, he!

Lady Tat. Well said, Miss.—I think, Mr. *Modish*, the Girl was up with you there.—

Mod. Aye, aye, Miss is a pretty Piece of Humour enough.

Col. But, my Lord, you don't tell me how you like my new Cloaths.

Ld. Court. Why very well, Colonel; only to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst Piece is in the Middle.

Omn. Ha, ha, he!

Col. My Lord, you're too severe on your Friends.

Miss. Mr. *Modish*,—I am hot,—are you a Sot?

Mod. Miss, I am cold, are you a Scold? — Take that.—

Lady Tat. I confess that was home;—I find, Mr. *Modish*, you won't give your Head for the Washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh! he's a fore Man where the Skin's off.—I see Mr. *Modish* has a mind to sharpen the Edge of his Wit on the Whetstone of my Ignorance.

Ld. Court. Faith, *Tom*, you are struck! I never heard a better Thing.

Col. Why then,—set that down, and go again.

Mod. Pray, Miss, give me Leave to scratch you for that fine Speech?

Miss. Pox on your Picture, it cost me a Groat the Drawing.

Ld. Court. [to *Lady Tattle*] Pray, Madam, is Miss *Buxom* married? I hear 'tis all over the Town.

Lady Tat. She's either married, my Lord, or worse.

Col.

Col. If she ben't married,—at least, she's lustily promis'd:—But is it really certain, that Sir *John Blunderbuss* is dead at last?

Ld. Court. Yes,—or else he's sadly wrong'd; for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead,—he'll eat no more Bread.

Col. But is he really dead?

Lady Tat. Yes, Colonel, as sure as you're alive.

Col. They say he was an honest Man.—

Lady Tat. Yes,—with good looking after.—

Miss pulls out a Pocket-Looking-Glass.

Miss. Lord!—I think my Goodness is coming out?—Madam, will your Ladyship please to give me a Patch?

Mod. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind as to tie this String for me with your fair Hands; it will all go in your Day's Work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed! Tie it yourself, you have as many Hands as I;—your Man's Man will have a fine Office truly.

Mod. Well, but, Miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No, I was never angry in my Life, but once, and then no body car'd for it; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Mod. Well, but if you will tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Mod. O! but I'll make you a fine Present one of these Days.

Miss. Ay, when the Devil's blind; and his Eyes are not sore yet.

Mod.

24 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Mod. No, Miss, I'll send it you To-morrow.

Miss. Well, well, To-morrow's a new Day.
But I suppose you mean—To-morrow come never.

Mod. Oh! 'tis the prettiest Thing, I assure you; there came but two of them over in three Ships.

Miss. Wou'd I cou'd see it, quoth blind

Hugh. But why did not you bring me a Present of Snuff this Morning?

Mod. Because, Miss, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill Dog that is not worth whistling for.

Lady Tas. My Lord, all the Town has it, that Miss *Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Gibeall*; one Thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Court. But you know, Madam, Promises and Pye-crust are made to be broke.

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this Evening to *Vaux-Hall* by Water,—but I protest I'm half afraid.

Mod. Never fear, Miss,—you have the Proverb on your side,—Naught's ne'er in Danger.

Col. Why, Miss, let *Tom Modish* wait on you, and then I'll warrant, you'll be as safe as a Thief in a Mill;—for you know, he that is born to be hang'd will never be drown'd.

Mod. Thank you, Colonel, for your good Word; but, faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair Lady's Neck.

Col. Well! I am like the Butcher that was looking for his Knife, and had it in his Mouth; I have been searching my Pocket for my Snuff-Box,—and, egad, here 'tis in my Hand.

Miss. Had it been a Bear, it would have bit you, Colonel:—Well, I wish I had such a Snuff-Box.—

Mod.

Mod. You'll be long enough before you'll
with your Skin full of Eyelet-holes.

Col. With in one Hand——

Miss. Out upon you!—Lord! what can the
dirty Man mean?

Ld. Court. [*to Lady Tattle*] Madam, don't
you think Mrs. *Spendall* very genteel?

Lady Tat. Why, my Lord, I think she
was cut out for a Gentlewoman; but spoil'd
in the Making; she wears her Cloaths as if they
were thrown upon her with a Pitch-fork; and
for the Fashion, I believe they were made in
the Reign of Queen *Bess*.

Mod. Well, that's neither here nor there; for
you know the more careless the more modish.

Col. I'd hold a Wager there will be a Match
between her and *Dick Dolt*, for all that;—and I
believe I can see as far into a Mill-stone as ano-
ther.——

Mod. Well, I'll go to the Play to Night;—
no, I can't neither, for I have some Business;—
and yet I think I must too; for I promis'd to
squire the Countess to her Box.

Miss. What,—the Countess of *Puddle-Dock*, I
suppose.

Mod. Peace or War, Miss.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Modish*, you'll never be
mad, you're of so many Minds.

Mod. Miss, I'll tell you a comical Accident;
I was walking here last Night, and, egad, I lost
my Understanding.——

Miss. I am glad you had any to lose.

Lady Tat. Well, but what do you mean.

Mod. Egad, I kick'd my Foot against a
Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and

26 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

was forc'd to limp to a Cobler in *Pall-Mall* to have it put on,—ha, ha, he!

Omnes. He, he, he, he!

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate Night to run away with another Man's Wife.

Mod. Miss, I want that Diamond Ring of yours.

Miss. —Why then,—Want's like to be your Master.

[*Modish takes Miss by the Hand, and looks on the Ring.*]

Mod. Aye, marry, this is not only, but also. Where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where it was to be had: Where the Devil got the Friar.

Mod. Well, if I had such a Ring, I wou'd not stay a Day in *England*. But you know, far fetch'd and dear bought is fit for Ladies. I warrant this cost your Father Two-pence Half-penny.

Lady Tat. My Lord, has Capt. *Brag* the Honour to be related to your Lordship?

Ld. Court. Oh! very nearly, Madam;—he's my Cousin German in the third Remove.

Lady Tat. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Court. Aye, aye, a rich Rogue! two Shirts and a Rag.

Col. Well, however they say he has a great Estate, but only the right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Tat. What Religion is he of?

Ld. Court. Why he is—an Anythingarian.

Lady Tat. I believe he has his Religion to chuse, my Lord.

Col.

Col. Ehem, ehem,—I have got a very sad Cold.

Lady Tat. Aye, 'tis well if one can get any Thing these hard Times.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that Cold?

Ld. Court. Why, Miss, I suppose the Colonel got it by lying in Bed bare-foot.

Lady Tat. Why then, Colonel, you must take it for better, for worse, as a Man takes his Wife.

Col. Well, Ladies, I apprehend you,—without a Constable.

Lady Tat. Mr. *Modish*, methinks your Coat is too short.

Mod. It will be long enough before I get another.

Miss. Come, come, the Coat's a good Coat, and come of good Friends.

Mod. Ladies, you are mistaken in the Stuff, 'tis half Silk.

Col. *Tom Modish*, you are a Fool, and that's your Fault.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must go home, for I an't well.

Lady Tat. What, you are sick of the Mulligrubs, I suppose, with eating chop'd Hay.

Miss. No, indeed, Madam; I'm sick and hungry; I've more need of a Cook than a Doctor.

Col. Poor Miss, she's as sick as a Cushion; she wants nothing but stuffing.

[*Miss whispers Lady Tattle.*]

Mod. There's no whispering but there's lying.

28 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Miss. Lord! Mr. *Modish*, you are as pert as a Pear-monger this Morning.

Mod. Indeed, Miss, you're very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I knew that before; tell me News.——

Mod. Miss, I sent Yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone Abroad early.

Miss. Why, to tell you the Truth, Sir, I was squeez'd up in a Hackney Coach with three Country Acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the Air as far as *High-gate*.

Col. And had you a pleasant Jaunt?

Miss. No, Colonel, it rain'd all the time;— I was jolted to Death; and the Road was so bad, that I scream'd every Moment, and call'd to the Coachman,—pray, Friend, don't spill us.

Mod. So, Miss, you was afraid that Pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss. Mr. *Modish*, when I want a Fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Court. Miss, I was in some Company last Night, where you were extoll'd to the Skies.

Miss. That was more their Goodness, my Lord, than my Desert.

Ld. Court. They said, you was a compleat Beauty.

Lady Tat. The Girl's well enough, if she had but another Nose.

Miss. Oh! Madam, I know I shall always have your good Word, for you love to help a lame Dog over the Style.

Col. Pray, Miss, what Company was there where you visited last Night?

Miss. Why there was my Lady *Tootblefs*, Billy Ogle, Miss *To-and-again*,—Beau *Frightful*,—

ful,—my Lady Clapper,—and I, quoth the Dog.—

Ld. Court. Was your Visit long, Miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they all went to the Opera, and so poor Pill-garlick came home alone.

Mod. Poor Miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What, you think you have said a fine Thing now;—well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I would hang him.

Mod. Well, so much for that, and Butter for Fish; let us call another Cause,—Pray, Miss, don't you think Lady Fade strangely alter'd since her Marriage?

Miss. Why you know she was handsome in her Time.

Lady Tat. And she cannot have her Cake and eat her Cake.

Ld. Court. Madam, have you heard that Lady Queasy was at the Play?

Lady Tat. What, Lady Queasy, of all People in the World;—but is it true upon Rep?

Miss. Po' is it, for I saw her myself; she sat among the Mob in the Gallery; I presently spied her ugly Phyz, and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the Gumptians.

Mod. I mark'd her huge Nose, and egad she put me in mind of the Woodcock, that strives to hide his long Bill, and then thinks no body sees him.

Col. Hold your Tongue, Tom, you'll never say so good a Thing again.

Miss. Colonel, how do you like Lady Frus?

Col. Pox on her, she's as old as Poles.

Mod.

30 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Mod. So will you be, if you an't hang'd when you're young.

Miss. [*sobbering.*] Lord! there's some body walking over my Grave.

Ld. Court. Pray, Lady *Tattle*, where was you last *Wednesday*, when I did myself the Honour to wait on you?—I think your Ladyship is one of the Tribe of *Gad*.

Lady Tat. Why, my Lord, I was at Church.

Col. Nay, then I'll be hang'd, and my Horse too.

Mod. I believe her Ladyship might be at a Church with a Chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, My Petty-coat, how it hangs by Jommetry.

Mod. Perhaps the Fault may be in your Shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. *Modish*, there's no Jest like the true Jest; but I suppose you think my Back's broad enough to bear every Thing.

Mod. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your Pardon's granted.

Ld. Court. Then, *Miss*, *Tom* and you must kiss and be Friends.

[*Modish salutes Miss.*]

Miss. Any thing for a quiet Life:—My Nose Itch'd, and I knew I should drink Wine, or kiss a Fool.

Ld. Court. Well, *Tom*, if that be'n't fair, hang fair.

Mod. For all *Miss* talks so, if she wanted me and her Victuals, she'd want her two best Friends.

Lady

Lady Tat. Mr. *Modish*, if Miss will be angry for nothing, bid her turn the Buckle of her Girdle behind her.

Mod. Come, *Lady Tattle*, I know better Things, Miss and I are good Friends; don't think to put Tricks upon Travellers.

Col. The Loop of my Hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*He fastens it with a Pin.*] Well, hang them, I say, that have no Shift.——

Lady Tat. And hang them that have one too many.

Miss. My Lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. *Talkall*?

Ld. Court. Only by Sight; but I hear she has a great deal of Wit; and, egad, Mettle to the Back-bone, as the Saying is.

Miss. Why Dr. *John Blunder* said to her 'to-ther Day,——Madam, you can't cry *Bo* to a Goose; Yes but I can, said she; and, egad,——cry'd *Bo* full in his Face.——We all thought we shou'd burst our Hearts with laughing.——He, he, he!

Omnes. He, he, he!

Col. That was cutting with a Vengeance; and, prithee, how did the Fool look?

Mod. I'll warrant, for all the World like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush.——

Lady Tat. Colonel, when do you design to get a House, and a Wife, and a Fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who wou'd be married to a Soldier, and carry his Knapsack?

Mod. Oh, Madam! *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.——

Col. Egad, Madam, I'd marry To-morrow, if I thought I cou'd bury my Wife just when
the

32 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

the Honey-moon was over ; but they say a Woman has as many Lives as a Cat.

Ld. Court. I find, Colonel, you think a dead Wife under the Table the best Goods in a Man's House.

Lady Tat. But, Colonel, if you had a good Wife, wou'd it not break your Heart to part with her ?

Col. Yes, Madam, for they say, he that has lost his Wife and Six-pence, has lost a Tester.—

Miss. O Rare, Colonel.—[*Miss sings.*]

*Over the Hills and a great Way to't,
I lost my Love and Six-pence to boot ;
The Loss of my Love, it griev'd me sore ;—
The Loss of my Six-pence—ten Times more.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, he!

Lady Tat. But, Colonel, they say that every marry'd Man shou'd believe there's but one good Wife in the World, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good Wife must be bespoke ; for there are none ready made.

Miss. I suppose the Gentleman's a Woman-Hater ; but I think you ought to remember, Colonel, that you had a Mother ; and if it had not been for a Woman, where wou'd you have been pray ?

Col. Nay, Miss, you cry'd Wh—re first, when you talk'd of the Knapfack.

Lady Tat. But I hope you won't blame the whole Sex, because some are bad.

Miss. And they say, he that hates a Woman, suck'd a Sow.

Col. Oh! Madam, there's no general Rule without an Exception,

Lady

Lady Tat. Why don't you marry then, and settle?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a Cannon Bullet.

Miss. I suppose the Colonel was cross'd in his first Love, which makes him so severe on all the Sex.

Lady Tat. Yes; and I'll hold a Hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over Head and Ears in Love with some Lady that has made his Heart ake.

Col. Oh, Madam, we Soldiers are all Admirers of the Fair Sex.

Miss. I wish I cou'd see the Colonel in Love till he was ready to die.

Lady Tat. Aye, but I doubt few People die for Love in these Days.

Mod. Well, I confess I differ from the Colonel; for I hope to have a rich, and a handsome Wife too before I die.

Col. Well said, *Tom*, go thy ways for a pretty Fellow.——

Miss. Colonel, are not Women better Creatures than Men; for Man was made of Clay, but Woman was made of Man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please, but faith, you'll never lead Apes in Hell.

Mod. No, no, I'll be sworn Miss has no Nun's Flesh about her.

Miss. I underfumble you, Gentlemen.

Mod. Madam, your humble cum dumble.

Lady Tat. My Lord, is your Friend Ned *two pairs of* Whirligig married? *the husband*

Ld. Court. Yes, faith, he has tied a Knot with his Tongue, that he can never untie with his Teeth.

34 TITTLE TATTLE; Or

Miss. But has he a Fortune with his Lady?

Ld. Court. Faith, Madam, all he got by her he may put in his Eyes, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then I believe he heartily wishes her in *Abraham's* Bosom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does *Charles Limberham* and his fine Wife agree?

Ld. Court. Why, they say he's the greatest Cuckold about Town.

Mod. Oh, but my Lord! you shou'd always except my Lord Mayor.

Lady Tat. Pray, *Miss*, when did you see your old Acquaintance, *Mrs. Phalancy*? You and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God blefs my Eye-sight!

Lady Tat. Lord! why she and you were as great as two Inkle-Weavers; I've seen her hug you, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch.

Miss. That's true;—but I'm told for certain, that she's no better than she shou'd be.

Lady Tat. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow that the World is very censorious. I never heard before that she was a naughty Pack.

Col. Now you talk of naughty Packs, pray, when did you see *Young Spendall*?

Mod. Why, 'tis happy for him that his Father was born before him.

Miss. I am told his Lady manages him to Admiration.

Lady Tat. That I believe; for she's as cunning as a dead Pig, but not half so honest.

Col. They say she's quite a Stranger to his Amours.

Lady

Lady Tat. That may be; for there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. Oh, Madam, I am told she watches him, as a Cat wou'd watch a Mouse.

Mod. Well, if she ben't foully bely'd, she pays him in his own Coin.

Ld. Court. My Lady *Tattle*, I design to do myself the Honour of dining with your Ladyship To-morrow.

Lady Tat. Aye, my Lord, do if you dare.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Ld. Court. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Miss. There's two Words to that Bargain.

Col. Your Ladyship smells very sweet, I hope you don't carry Perfumes.

Lady Tat. Perfumes! no, Sir, I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the Grain of my Skin.

Mod. Colonel, you have a good Nose to make a poor Man's Sow.

Ld. Court. So Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another;—come, box it about, 'twill come to my Father at last.

Mod. Why, my Lord, Miss has no Mercy, I wish she were married; but I doubt the Grey Mare wou'd prove the better Horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that Wish.—

Col. Never fear him, Miss.

Ld. Court. Why *Tom*, I think you and Miss are always quarrelling; I fear it is your Fault; for I can assure you, she is very good humour'd.

Mod. Aye, my Lord, so is the Devil when he's pleas'd.

36 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Ld. Court. Miss, what do you think of my Friend *Tom*?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest Man in the World; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Court. That's very true; but yet he that hangs *Tom* for a Fool, may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Mod. Well, Miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my Gallows; it shall be about your fair Neck.

Miss. I'll see your Nose Cheese first, and the Dogs eat it:—But, my Lord, Mr. *Modish*'s Wit begins to run low; for I vow he said this before.—Pray, Colonel, give him a Pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Col. Come, Sir *Thomas*, when the King pleases, are you for a March.

Lady Tat. Why, Colonel, I believe 'tis Time for us all to go; 'tis past Three o'Clock.

Miss. Well, what is that among us all.

Ld. Court. Shall I have the Honour to see your Ladyship to your Chair?

Lady Tat. I'm at your Lordship's Command.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Modish*, here's the Back of my Hand for you.

Mod. Miss, I find you will have the last Word.

Col. Ladies, we attend you.

Ld. Court. Well, let us march then, *sans Ceremonie.* [Exeunt.

End of the First Act.



ACT II.

A Room in Lady Tattle's House.

Lady Tattle, Lady Brilliant, Miss Notable, Col. Witling, and Ld. Courtly, at a Tea-Table.

Lady Tat. [to Lady Brilliant.]



A M- sorry I was not at Home this Morning, when your Ladyship did us the Honour to call here.

Lady Brill. Oh! dear, Madam; I'm sure the Loss was mine.

Lady Tat. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a sad dirty House.

Col. Oh! Madam, your Ladyship is pleas'd to say so, but I never saw any Thing so clean; I profess 'tis a perfect Paradise.

Lady Tat. Colonel, you are always very obliging.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how do you like this Set of China? 'Tis my own Fancy, I assure you.

Ld. Court. Why, I think 'tis well enough for a Country Set.

Lady Brill. [to Lady Tattle.] Pray, Madam, give me some more Sugar to my Tea.

Col.

38 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Col. Your Ladyship must needs be very good natur'd, you love sweet Things so much.

Ld. Court. Stir it up with the Spoon; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Tat. I think the Colonel has made your Ladyship a fine Compliment.

Lady Brill. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, that complimenting is lying.

Enter Modish.

Mod. Your Servant, your Servant, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lady Tat. Mr. *Modish* I am yours; won't you please to sit?

Mod. With your Ladyship's Leave,—after I have paid my Compliments.

Lady Brill. Mr. *Modish*, I am your very humble Servant.

Mod. Your Ladyship spoke too late; I was your Ladyship's before.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Modish*, are you here?

Mod. As sure as you are there, Miss.

Ld. Court. Come, come, sit down, and seem less.

Col. Well, how do you hold it, *Tom*?

Mod. Why, faith, Colonel, better in Health than good Conditions.—Hey day! what's the Matter with Miss here, she has not a Word to throw at a Dog:—A Penny for your Thoughts Miss.—

Miss. They are not worth a Farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Lady Tat. [*Col. rising up.*] Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch Fire?

Col.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an Hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say the Devil's at home.—

Lady Tat. Well, but sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, Madam, while I'm standing I am going.

Lady Brill. Nay, let him go, I promise we won't tear his Cloaths to hold him.

Lady Tat. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better Company;—I mean only as to myself.—

Col. Madam, I'm all Obedience. [*Col. sits.*]

Lady Tat. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your Tea so hot? Sure your Mouth is pav'd.

Miss. How do you like this Tea, my Lord?

Ld. Court. Why, I think 'tis super-excellent?

Mod. The Tea's good Tea enough, but methinks 'tis a little more—ish.

Lady Tat. Oh, Sir! I understand you.—*Betty*, bring the Canister; I have but very little of this Tea left; but I don't love to make two Wants of one,—want when I have it, and want when I have it not.—He, he, he!

Miss. Why, sure, *Betty*, you are bewitch'd; the Cream is burnt-too.

Mod. Why, Miss, the Bishop has set his Foot in it.

Lady Tat. Go, Girl, and warm some fresh Cream.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there is none left; for the Cat has eaten it all.

Lady Tat. I doubt 'twas a Cat with two Legs.

Lady

40 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Lady Brill. Madam, I was 'tother Day in Company with Mrs. *Chatter*; I find she gives herself Airs of being acquainted with your Ladyship.

Miss. Oh! the hideous Creature! did you observe her Nails? They were long enough to scratch her Grannum out of her Grave.

Lady Brill. Well, she and *Tom Gooscap* were banging Compliments backwards and forwards; it look'd like two Asses scrubbing one another.

Mod. Aye claw me, and I'll claw thee.

Lady Tat. Pray, Madam, who were the Company?

Lady Brill. Why, there was all the World and his Wife; there was Mrs. *Clatter*, Lady *Singular*, the Countess of *Talkum*, I shou'd have nam'd her first, *Tom Gooscap*, and some others whom I have forgot.

Col. I think the Countess is very sickly.

Lady Brill. Yes, Sir, she'll never scratch a grey Head I'll warrant her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your Conversation?

Lady Brill. Why, Mrs. *Chatter* had all the Talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her Misfortunes.

Col. She brought her Husband Ten thousand Pounds; she has a Town-House, and a Country House: Wou'd the Woman have her Back-side stuck with Points?

Lady Brill. She wou'd fain be at the Top of the House before the Stairs are built.

Lady Tat. Miss, dear Girl, fill me out a Dish of Tea, for I'm very lazy.

[*Miss fills the Tea, sweetens, and tastes it.*]

Lady

Lady Tat. What, Miss, will you be my Taster?

Miss. No, Madam; but they say, 'tis an ill Cook that can't lick her own Fingers.

Mod. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Ld. Cour. [to the Maid.] Mrs. Betty, how does your Body politick?

Mod. Fye, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Miss. Blush! aye, blush like a blue Dog.

Ld. Court. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in Love.

Bett. My Lord, I thank God I hate no body; I am in Charity with all the World.

Lady Tat. Why, Wench, I think thy Tongue runs upon Wheels this Morning.—How came you by that Scratch upon your Nose? Have you been fighting with the Cats?

Col. Miss, shall I fill you out another Dish of Tea?

Miss. Indeed, Colonel, I have drank enough.

Col. Come, it will do you more Good than a Month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; enough's as good as a Feast.

Lady Brill. Well; but if you always say No, you'll never be married.

Mod. Do, Colonel, give her a Dish; for they say Maids will say No, and take it.

Ld. Court. Well, I dare say Miss is a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed.

Mod. I wou'd not take an Oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Tat. Fye, Miss, they say Maids shou'd be seen, and not heard.

Lady

42 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Lady Brill. Mifs, do, tie this Knot for me.

Mifs. Your Ladyship has as many Hands as I, and can do it as well yourself.

Lady Brill. I know that very well;—but I won't keep a Dog, and bark myself.

Mod. What, are you sick Mifs? [*with a Sneer.*]

Mifs. Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

Mod. Faith, Mifs, you are in *Lob's* Pound, get out as you can.

Mifs. I won't quarrel with my Bread and Butter for all that: I know when I'm well.

Lady Tat. Well, but, Mifs——

Mod. Ah! dear Madam, let the Matter fall; take pity on poor Mifs;—don't throw Water on a drowned Rat.

Mifs. Mr. *Modish*, say a Word more and you had as good eat your Nails.

Mod. Well, I must be going.——

Lady Tat. I have seen hastier People than you stay all Night.

Mifs. Come, sit down again, we shall want you;—you're always for getting out of the way when you shou'd be hang'd.

Mod. You want me!—pray, Mifs,—how do you look when you lye?

Mifs. Manners, indeed! I find you mend like four Ale in Summer.

Mod. I beg your Pardon, Mifs; I only meant when you lye alone.

Mifs. That's well turn'd; one Turn more wou'd have turn'd you down Stairs.

Mod. Come, Mifs, be kind for once, and fill me out a Dish of Tea.

Mifs. Pray, let your Betters be serv'd before you;—I am just going to fill one for myself;
and

and you know the Parson always christens his own Child first.

Col. They say a Woman need but look on her Apron-strings to find an Excuse.

Mod. Why, Miss, you are grown so peevish, that a Dog wou'd not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Modish*, I beg your Diversion; no Offence I hope; but, truly, in a little Time, you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself, and that's as bad as bad can be.

Mod. My Lord, don't you think Miss improves wonderfully of late?—Why, Miss, if I spoil the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my Dog.

Col. How's that *Tom*? Say that again; why if I am a Dog, shake Hands Brother. [*Here a loud, long Laugh.*]

Ld. Court. But, pray, Gentlemen, why so hard upon poor Miss; o' my Conscience, Colonel, and *Tom Modish*, one of you two are both Knaves.

Col. Odds so! I have cut my Thumb with the cursed Knife!

Lady Tat. Aye, that was your Mother's Fault; because she only warn'd you not to cut your Fingers.

Miss. I am sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Lady Brill. Don't you think Miss is grown?

Mod. Aye, ill Weeds grow a-pace.

Col. Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship is very sparing of your Tea; I protest the last I took was no more than Water bewitch'd.

Mod. Methinks, Miss, I don't much like the Colour of that Ribband,

Miss.

44 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Miss. Why, then, d'ye see, you may look off on't.

Lady Brill. [*Lady Tattle drops her Cup.*] Lord! Madam, how came you to break your Cup?

Lady Tat. I can't help it, if I wou'd cry my Eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the Money.—Colonel, how do ye like this Cake?

Col. I'm like all Fools, I love every Thing that's good.

Miss. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Miss. [*Modish plays with a Tea-Cup.*] Now a Child wou'd have cry'd half an Hour, before it wou'd have found out such a pretty Play-thing.

Lady Tat. Well said, Miss; I vow, Mr. *Modish*, the Girl is too hard for you.

Mod. Aye, Miss will say any Thing but her Prayers, and those she whistles.

Ld. Court. Pray, Miss, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*? I swear I have often seen him cast a Sheep's Eye out of a Calf's Head at you; deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! all the World knows Mr. *Spruce* is a general Lover.

Lady Brill. Come, Miss, 'tis too true to make a Jest on't.

Miss. Well! Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd, there is nothing in't.

Lady Tat. Touch a gall'd Horse and he'll winch: Love will creep where it dare not go.—

Lady

Miss. I'll hold a hundred Pound Mr. *Modish* was the Inventor of that Story; and Colonel, I doubt you had a Finger in the Pye.

Col. Pray, My Lord, what's a Clock by your Oracle?

Ld. Court. Faith I can't tell; I think my Watch runs upon Wheels.

Mod. Miss, pray be so kind as to call a Servant to bring me a Glas of Water; I know you're at Home.

Miss. Every Fool can do as they are bid; make a Page of your own Age, and do it yourself.

Mod. Chuse, proud Fool, I did but ask you. [*Miss puts her Hand to her Knee.*] What, Miss, are you thinking of your Sweet-heart, or is your Garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Modish*, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge; you measure my Corn by your Bushel.

Mod. Indeed, Miss, you lye.

Miss. Did you ever hear any Thing so rude?

Mod. I mean you lye under a Mistake.

Miss. If a hundred Lyes wou'd have choak'd you, you wou'd have been choak'd many Days ago.

Mod. [*Miss tries to snatch Modish's Snuff-Box.*] Snaping short makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to have kill'd my Arm; I'll assure you, if you lame me, you must carry me.

Mod. Well, I did a very foolish Thing Yesterday, and was a very great Puppy for my Pains.

Miss.

46 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Miss. Very likely, for they say many a true Word is spoken in jest.

Lady Tattle rings a Bell.

Enter a Footman.

Lady Tat. Harkee, Fellow, run to my Lady *Punto*, and desire she will remember to be here at Six to play at Quadrille. D'ye hear, if you fall by the Way, don't stay to get up again.

Foot. Madam, I don't know the House.

Lady Tat. That's not for Want of Ignorance; follow your Nose;—go, inquire among the Servants. [*The Footman goes out, and falls down.*]

Lady Brill. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down.

Lady Tat. Well, I hope the poor Fellow has not sav'd the Hangman a Labour.

Mod. Smoke Miss, Madam, biting her Nails yonder.

Miss. Who's that takes my Name in vain? [*Miss runs up to them, and falls.*]

Lady Brill. Why, Miss, I wish you have not broke her Ladyship's Floor.

Mod. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Ld. Court. Well, but without a Jest, I hope, Miss, you are not hurt.

Col. She must be hurt for certain; for you see her Head is all of a Lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, Colonel, when I have Money, and you have none.

Lady Tat. Mr. *Modish*, my Lady *Brilliant* and I intend to beat up your Quarters one of these Days, I hear you live high.

Mad.

Mod. Yes, Madam, live high, and lodge in a Garret.

[*Footman brings Lady Tattle a Letter, she opens it, and reads.*]

Mod. Miss, will you take a Pinch of Snuff out of my Box?

Miss. Well, for once, and not to use it.

Lady Tat. Miss, when do you think of being married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's.

Lady Tat. If I have any Skill in Horse-flesh, 'twill be before the Sky falls; why, Child, your Uncle *Muckworm's* dead, and has left you Twenty thousand Pounds, upon Condition you marry with my Consent.

Mod. Why, then, with your Ladyship's Leave, I put in my Claim.

Miss. What! I suppose the Match is half made, you've your own Consent.

Mod. And your's too, I hope, Miss; for I'm sure, you're tired with lying alone.

Miss. They say Matches are made in Heaven, and 'tis a Folly to resist;—but what must I expect, if I marry you?

Mod. You'll see that, my Dear, when we are married; for Batchelors Wives and Maids Children are finely govern'd, you know.

Miss. But what says her Ladyship?

Lady Tat. Why, I won't say any Thing by way of Advice; but marry in haste, and repent at leisure, as the Saying is.

Col. Well, *Tom*, I see you're going the Way of all Flesh.

Mod. Why, aye, Marriage and hanging go by Destiny.

Lady

48 TITTLE TATTLE; Or,

Lady Brill. And poor Miss too, he has caught her napping, as *Moss* caught his Mare.

Miss. But, you ugly Thing you, I'll be courted a whole Age; why, I shall be thought at my last Prayers, if I consent so soon.

Mod. Soon! why, what d'ye mean by that? Why we've been Play-fellows ever since *Adam* was a little Boy.—Come, hang Ceremony, have we your Consent, Madam?

Lady Tat. Why, since the Game's up, she's yours for Ever and Aye, as the Boy sold his Top.

Mod. Why then we'll sing old Rose and burn the Bellows; and so, Gentlemen and Ladies, I invite you all to my Wedding.

Omnes. We wish you both Joy.

Ld. Court. Come, Miss, give us a Song, and then send for the Chaplain to tack you together.

Miss. Well, since it must be so;

——— Hang Sorrow,

I'll sing to Day, tho' I cry To-morrow.

A New S O N G upon N O T H I N G.

I.

AS we know you've been oft charm'd with
Nothing before,

Now whilst Nothing is doing the Nation all o'er,
We've made bold to treat you with Nothing once
more.

Which No-body can deny, deny, which No-body, &c.

Believe

II.

*Believe me no Satire our Ballad intends,
But is generously wrote with no other Ends,
Than to add a few Nothings, forgot by our Friends,
Which No body can deny, &c.*

III.

*When Addison, Shakespear, and Rowe are
run down,
And nothing but Foolery takes with the Town;
That our Taste is worth Nothing you'll certainly
own,
Which No body can deny, &c.*

IV.

*The politic French with more Knavery than
Sense,
Desisting from Nothing, an empty Pretence;
Are purchasing Wisdom at England's Expence,
Which No body can deny, &c.*

V.

*They're well furnish'd we own, and want No-
thing but Brains,
But as they too soon 'gan to reckon their Gains,
As they've made Nothing on't, they must take't for
their Pains,
Which No body can deny, &c.*

VI.

*Now perhaps youv'e a mind to add your Nothing
too,
And say, in our Farce, you have seen Nothing new,
And without you are pleas'd, we know Nothing
can do,
Which No body can deny, &c.*

G

Our

VII.

*Our Bard on your Favour does therefore depend,
And humbly intreats that his Cause you'll befriend;
And he hopes you'll be Nothing the worse in the
End,*

Which No body can deny, deny, which No body, &c.



THE
EPILOGUE,

Intended to be spoken by

Miss *NOTABLE*,

FOR THE

BENEFIT of the AUTHOR.

*C*Riticks, avaunt!—Point out one Fault who dare?
Taste A-la-Mode protects the Bard and Play'r.
What! aim at Sense, when Buffoonry's in Fashion!—
No, no,—He values more his Reputation.
'Twere wrong to court true Fame, in hopes to win her;
To please the judging FEW—and want a Dinner.
Lofty Parnassus is a barren Land,
Unless manur'd with rich Pactolus' Sand.
Whilst FOLLY reigns, the Author has more Wit,
Than to distaste the Boxes and the Pit.—
Confin'd to Rules Dramatic—pray excuse him;
The Farce must take—provided 'tis amusing.
To Diction, Time, and Place, h'as no Pretence.—
'Twould baulk the Town, and deviate into Sense.
Like Peas at Christmas, Wit seems out of Season;
Nay, e'en t' espouse the Cause of injur'd Reason,
Against MORIA's Empire were high Treason.
What! stem the rapid Torrent so prevailing!—
Gad! Sirs, 'twixt Wind and Tide 'tis dang'rous sailing.
Attend both ye great Vulgar and ye small;
The Copy's his:—Ye are th' Original.
Our Bard presumes his Portraits are as like,
As e'er were drawn by Kneller or Vandyke;
Observe his Characters, their Merit scan;
You'll find none such from Thule to Japan.
'Tis hard with Skill a motley Group to draw,
It asks a Hogarth's Pencil, or Wattau:

Yet in this MIRROR and reflecting GLASS,
 Each Beau and Bell may view their pretty Face,
 The modish Shrug, forc'd Lithp, and screw'd Grimace.
 Tho' rough the Portraiture, the Fault's not his;
 The Features glar'd so strong, he couldn't miss.—
 Hamlet must yield, when Chicanry prevails,
 And Fribble fills the House, when Cato sails:
 Th' admiring Audience clap the pert Buffoon,
 And hoary Lear must stoop to Pantaloon.

The wildest Schemes in this gay Age will please;
 Britons, like Woodcocks, are trapann'd with Ease.
 This for a Maxim all the World must own,
 As long as POTTER's Theatre is known:
 From whence the Bottle-Conjurer rais'd his Name,
 And Don Jumpedo gain'd immortal Fame.

Satire, once more oblige me with thy Aid,
 To paint the Charms of a Court-Masquerade;
 Where Maids of Honour, deckt in loose Attire,
 Practise strange Airs to set the Beaux on fire:
 Where the sly Prude, like a cold Vestal's drest,
 Whilst the Coquet displays her snowy Breast:
 Where Kings converse with Nymphs, and Queens with
 Swains,

And VICE in various Shapes triumphant reigns.—
 Who can deny but This is TASTE SUBLIME?—
 Sure, Britons, sure, you'll wiser grow in Time.

See! how MINERVA hangs her drooping Head,
 To find MORIA courted in her stead.—
 Each petty Droll the Arch-Droll FOOT commends,
 And PUNCH amongst the FAIR finds many Friends.

Religion too with conscious Blushes sits,
 To hear her Sons harangue like graceless Wits.—
 What's Hell, with all its Brimstone and its Smoke?—
 The Priest of Taste will tell you—'tis a Joke.

Rouze, Britons, rouze, this modish Taste despise,
 And let Good Sense to its Old Standard rise;
 Frequent your luscious Pantomimes no more,
 But SHAKESPEARE, like your Ancestors adore.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.

